

Praying

Gene Watson

Praying

Praying for someone like me

Not long ago, I was thinking of home
And I wondered if Mama was there all alone
I thought I'd drop by like I've done before
But the sound from within made me stop at the door

She was praying

A sound that the world seldom hears

Praying

Her words were pleading and clear

The sound of her voice as she called my name

Brought tears to my eyes, my heart filled with shame

Praying

Praying for someone like me

I was walking one night and I felt so alone

My heart was weary from the troubles I've known

I hadn't noticed a church that was near

'Til the sound from within seemed to fill the air

They were praying

A sound that the world seldom hears

Praying

The children that God loves so dear

Outside in the darkness, I could not see

But I could picture them there on their knees

Praying

Praying for someone like me

They were praying

Praying for someone like me